

## FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

### MATILDA ANN.

I knew a charming little girl,  
Who'd say: "Oh, see that flower!"  
Whenever in the garden  
Or woods she spent an hour.  
And sometimes she would listen,  
And say: "Oh, hear that bird!"  
Whenever in the forest  
Its clear, sweet notes she heard.

But then I knew another—  
Much wiser, don't you think?  
Who never called the bird a "bird,"  
But said the "bobolink."  
Or "oriole," or "robin,"  
Or "wren," as it might be;  
She called them all by their first names,  
So intimate was she.

And in the woods or garden,  
She never picked "a flower,"  
But "anemones," "hepatitis,"  
Or "crocuses," by the hour.  
Both little girls loved birds and flowers,  
But one love was the best;  
I need not point the moral:  
I am sure you see the rest.

For would it not be very queer,  
If when, perhaps you came,  
Your parents had not thought worth  
while  
To give you any name?  
I think you would be quite upset,  
And feel your brains a-whirl,  
If you were not "Matilda Ann,"  
But just "a little girl."  
—Alice W. Rollins, in N. Y. Independent.

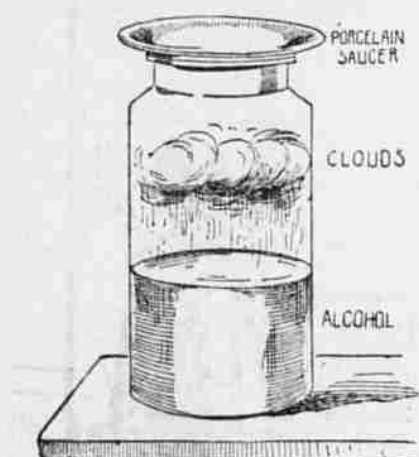
### TEMPEST IN A BOTTLE.

A Very Simple Experiment Invented by a  
Belgian Professor.

Some of our young experimenters may be interested in a simple device for making a real rainstorm in a bottle. The only apparatus necessary is a tall bottle, like the one shown in the cut, and an ordinary coffee saucer. The bottle is half filled with alcohol of 92 degrees strength, and heated in a bath of water until the alcohol, the bottle and the saucer are of an almost equal temperature. Then the apparatus is removed from the water, wiped quickly with a soft cloth, and the experimenter is ready to watch some wonderful transformations inside of the bottle.

The vapor of the alcohol soon rises and fills the bottle, but the saucer cools rapidly, and the vapor being warmed is quickly condensed. Real clouds appear in the upper part of the bottle, and presently, as the cooling process goes on, tiny rain drops form and fall just as in a regular shower.

The whole process of the distribution of moisture on the earth's surface is illustrated in the bottle. The alcohol is the ocean or the lake, the air above it is the clear sky, and the warm bath of water is the sun. The saucer plays



MAKING RAIN IN A BOTTLE.

the part of the cold currents in the upper air and condenses the vapor which the sun draws up from the ocean.

A still more striking result can be obtained by using a cold saucer in place of the warm one. In that case the difference of temperature will be increased and there is a regular old-fashioned hurricane.

This very simple experiment was invented recently by Prof. Errera, of Brussels, and almost any of our boys or girls could interest a whole class or a school exhibition with it. Try it.—Chicago Record.

### OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How Little Elsie Illustrated One of Her  
Favorite Songs.

A dear little girl, named Elsie, was quite a singer, and very fond of an old song, familiar to most children, called "The Old Oaken Bucket." Elsie was taking lessons in drawing, which interested her very much. She drew pictures in all her spare time, and often teased mamma with the question:

"What shall I draw next, mamma?"  
Mamma always suggested cows, or bears, or steam-engines, or trees, according to the first idea which came into her head. One day, in answer to Elsie's usual question, mamma replied:

"Draw the 'old oaken bucket,' Elsie. You are very fond of singing 'The Old Oaken Bucket.' Sit down and make a picture of it."

This was new. Elsie, with a deep satisfied breath, sat down and staid quiet about five minutes. At the end of that time she brought mamma this picture:

"What upon earth does this mean?" asked mamma. "It looks like a conundrum, Elsie; or like the sun, moon, and stars!"

Elsie looked at her design with great pride, and a little impatience at mamma's obtuseness.

"Why, don't you see, mamma?" she cried. "The first one is 'the old oaken bucket,' and the next one is 'the iron-bucket,' and the next is 'the moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!'"

Then mamma laughed hard, leaning back in her chair, while she held Elsie's sketch at arm's-length to see it better, as artists always look at pictures.

"And what are all those little spots for, Elsie?"

"Why—those, mamma?" said Elsie. "Those are the spots that my infancy knew!"—Harper's Round Table.

### Why She Took Him.

Mother—Why did you accept Charlie from among all the young men who have paid you attention?

Daughter—Because he was the only one that had the good taste to propose.—Detroit Free Press.

## BRAVE ANDRE ETTIENNE.

Known in History as the Drummer Boy of Arcole.

Perhaps no picture more fires the patriotism of the French heart than does that in which Napoleon is represented, flag in hand, making his final stand upon the bridge of Arcole at the memorable battle fought there.

Of the drummer boy of Arcole even the encyclopedias are silent.

Andre Etienne, the drummer boy of Arcole, is no legendary personage; he is the hero of an authentic action, and his native town of Castanet, in Vaucluse, is about to erect to his memory a statue, for which contributions have for the past year poured in so generously that the secretary of the committee of the enterprise is scarcely able to reply to all the letters from those anxious to commemorate the brave deed of this simple hero.

Ettienne, says the clockmaker of Malakoff, one of his descendants, was inactive, as were his comrades; his at-



THE DRUMMER BOY OF ARCOLE.

tention was called to a dense mass of smoke rising above a group of houses.

The idea came to him that this indicated the bridge of Arcole as the scene of action. After a moment's reflection, he said to his sergeant: "It is necessary to pass to the other side."

"Don't you know that you would be drowned if you did so," replied the sergeant.

"If I know I will be drowned, I believe it all the same."

"Then go," said the sergeant.

"But my drum will get wet."

"Put it on my knapsack," said the sergeant, "and beat it."

So the drum was fastened to the knapsack of the equally brave sergeant, while Andre followed, beating it as though a whole regiment was behind him, whereas but a few grenadiers had rallied to his call, and waded or swam to the opposite bank.

The enemy, surprised and believing a whole corps advancing, abandoned the cannons which had not ceased to sweep the bridge, from which Napoleon, flag in hand, had just before been driven back into a quagmire, and from which ignoble position his grenadiers now rescued him, and fired by his undaunted courage, the gallant lines were formed once more.

The recognition which Andre's brave deed received at the time was a pair of golden drumsticks.

In 1803, when Bonaparte was once reviewing the consul's guard, in which Andre had been entered, he stopped before the little drummer, who was using so vigorously his golden sticks, and demanded of him on what field of battle he had gained this recognition. The drummer recounted to him his story.

"It is not enough, my brave boy," replied Napoleon, and, detaching the cross from his own coat, he fastened it on the breast of the drummer.

Ettienne remained drummer to the end of his life, and in 1830 entered the Tenth legion of the national guard, where he remained until his death in 1835. His act of heroism at the bridge of Arcole was an army classic, and at their banquets his story was often told.

In 1831 the officers of the garrison of Paris were reunited at the Cafe Foy, in the Palais Royal, under the presidency of Gen. Lamareck. Mercier, his colonel, invited this evening Andre to come with his drum and famous drumsticks. At dessert he was asked to tell his story, which he did with great modesty, and actually swooned when the officers present eulogized him, recalling also his heroic conduct at Marengo.

The story of his death is almost fabulous. According to Mistrail, it followed a visit he made to the Pantheon. Among the heroes sculptured on the pediment, he figured, beating his drum; Andre himself, the little drummer.

"Look, father," said to him his daughter, who accompanied him, pointing to the figure. The father looked, murmuring: "It is I; so high!" and fell down dead.—M. W. Metcalf, in Boston Globe.

### The Boy Was Generous, Too.

The late Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh, was a wiry-framed old patriarch, with long hair that fell in ringlets about his shoulders. One day he was accosted on the street by a very dirty bootblack, who cried: "Shine your boots, sir!" The professor finally said: "I don't want a shine; but if you will go and wash your face, I will give you a sixpence." The boy went off very readily, and made his ablution at an adjacent drinking fountain. Returning, the professor gave him the money, saying heartily: "You have earned it fairly." "I don't want it, old chap," said the boy, with a lordly air. "Keep it and get your hair cut."

### The Thought Was Here.

"I suppose that you and your wife are 'two souls with but a single thought,'" said his old friend Tom Dick, who had not seen him since his marriage.

"That's about the situation," said Henry Peck, "and about half the time he will not tell me what that thought is."—N. Y. Truth.

## FARM AND GARDEN.

### IMPROVING GRASSES.

Why Our Farmers Should Bring Native Species Into Cultivation.

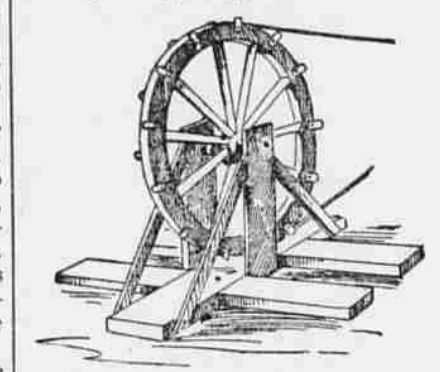
One of the best lines of work in connection with the development of improved forage conditions is that of bringing our native forms into cultivation. More than 20 per cent. of all the grass species of the world are natives of the United States, the number ranging upward of 700, and I think I am not wrong in saying that there is no other continent on which there is a greater number of native forage-plants other than the grasses. Nearly all of our cultivated forage plants are of foreign origin, and if it were not simply a matter of public interest, it ought to be one of public sentiment, to preserve the coming generations of American farmers those native species which have added so much to the wealth of the land in the past. The species of the grazing regions in the west and southwest, and, for that matter, in every part of this country where sheep or cattle are raised, are best adapted for the conditions under which each grows, and it is folly to think that better forms may be introduced from Europe or Asia or Australia, where climate and soil and abundance of rainfall are different. The meadow grass of the parks, woodlands and mountain slopes, the grama and buffalo grasses of the southwest, and the blue stems of the eastern prairie belt, cannot be improved upon.

We must go out into the fields and meadows and select, care for and propagate the thrifty grasses and native clovers, just as the horticulturist selects and propagates his finest varieties of fruits, or the florist his most perfect and most highly developed flowers. Every cultivated grass, every cereal, every fruit or flower, has been developed up from just such small beginnings, and when we take into consideration the importance of the grazing industries, the great amount of money invested in them, and the vast yearly income from these sources, we must adopt the conclusion that such a line of work is an exceedingly important one.—United States Department of Agriculture.

### SIMPLE FLY WHEEL.

Can Be Used to Advantage for Many  
Kinds of Farm Work.

A fly wheel is often serviceable on the farm for helping keep the churn in regular motion, or the hand separator, or the grindstone, where one must grind by using a treadle for foot



HOMEMADE FLY WHEEL.

power. In the latter case a fly wheel will cause the stone to run very evenly. Our sketch shows a cast-iron, heavy, farm cart wheel, mounted and ready for business. Small strips of hard wood screwed to the rim keep the band from coming off. The plan of setting up the wheel is plainly shown in the illustration. Where the rim of the wheel used is of sufficient thickness, the old iron tire can be removed and a very thick, but narrow, tire put upon both edges of the rim, leaving a chance for the band to run between them. In the case of a cast-iron cart wheel this plan would answer admirably.—Orange Judd Farmer.

### EXCHANGING EGGS.

A Practice from Which None But Shiftless Persons Profit.

It is not unusual to have a neighbor request you to exchange eggs with him, and such neighbor may have been the first to condemn your enterprise in purchasing new blood and pure breeds. As a rule, every farmer who steps outside of the beaten paths, or ventures into something better, is at once classed as a crank, or a book-farmer, but sooner or later his neighbors will show a willingness to obtain his stock if they can "exchange" with him. He must go to the expense of bringing the stock into the community, and if he fails, he is set down as lacking in intelligence, but when he succeeds he receives no credit. There is no reason why one should exchange eggs of pure breeds for those from scrub fowls, any more than a Jersey calf should be exchanged for one from a nondescript cow. When eggs are sold for hatching they represent something more than their value for the table. Those who buy them do not want eggs, but stock, the eggs representing the embryo young of the desired breed. Any farmer who procures pure breeds should be encouraged by his neighbors, as he benefits the whole community.—Farm and Fireside.

### The Nature of Sandy Soil.

Sand has a great power for the transportation of water. It will convey water quicker than any other soil, but it will not hold as much. A clay soil will hold more, but water will pass through more slowly. Sandy soils take in all the rains that fall, and if there is a subterranean supply within ten or fifteen feet of the surface, it seems to have a power to pump the water up to the roots of the plants. If, however, there is no such supply, the higher temperature of summer will usually increase the temperature of the top sandy soil and gradually dry it out faster than a fine, clayey soil. Clay will hold more moisture, and hold it longer than any other form of soil, but it must be protected by surface cultivation.—Rural World.

## Paper Matches.

The time-honored scheme of rolling up a piece of paper and using it for a lighter has been utilized by an inventor in the manufacture of matches. The invention promises to revolutionize European match manufacturing, and is perfectly timely, because the wood for this purpose is constantly growing scarcer and more costly. The new matches are considerably cheaper than wooden matches and weigh much less—a fact which counts for much in the exportation. The sticks of these matches consist of paper rolled together on the bias. The paper is rather strong and porous, and when immersed in a solution of wax, stearin, and similar substance, will easily stick together and burn with a bright, smokeless and odorless flame. Strips one inch in width are first drawn through the combustible mass spoken of above, and then turned by machinery into long, thin tubes, pieces of the ordinary length of wood or wax matches being cut off automatically by the machine. When the sticks are cut to size they are dipped into the phosphorus mass, also by the machine, and the dried head easily ignites by friction on any surface.—National Druggist.

## Absent-Minded.

Mr. Charles Townsend used every morning as he came from his mother's to the treasury to pass by the canal in the park and feed the ducks with bread or corn which he brought in his pocket for the purpose. One morning, having called his affectionate friends, the ducks, he found, unfortunately, that he had forgotten his usual offering. "Poor ducks," he cried, "I am sorry I am in a hurry and cannot get you any bread; but here is sixpence to buy some with," and threw the ducks a sixpence, which one of them gobbled up.—Nuggets.

## Sense of Shame.

Wicks—There is one thing I will say for Blaxter; he never talks about his own writings.

Hicks—I am glad to hear that. Where there's a sense of shame there's always some hope for reformation.—Boston Transcript.

Sometimes in the course of a year so many as 400 bodies are taken out of the Nile, from which the Egyptians obtain their water supply.

## The Modern Mother.

Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

One thing a woman can't do is to drive a horse and use a muf at the same time.—Washington (D. C.) Democrat.

## California.

If you will send your name and address, we will send a representative to your home to explain all about the advantages of Phillips-Rock Island personally conducted Tourist Car Excursions to California. Address A. PHILLIPS & Co., 91 Adams St., Chicago. JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago, Ills.

We often hear people say they will contribute to the support of the church even if they have to wear their old clothes to do it. We notice they never wear the old clothes.—Washington (D. C.) Democrat.

Fires stopped free and permanently cured. So fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 933 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

As soon as thought finds a body, it begins trying to move the world.—Ram's Horn.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice. DR. G. W. PATERSON, Ingleter, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

DO WHAT YOU CAN DO WELL, and you will soon be able to do much better.—Ram's Horn.

Put a pain to sleep! St. Jacob's Oil does this with scientific, torment cure.

When love gives, it enriches itself, but what covetousness keeps it takes from itself.—Ram's Horn.

Sudden weather changes bring rheumatism. St. Jacob's Oil makes prompt cure.

NOT ANSWERED YET.—Tommy—"O, paw!" Mr. Figg—"Well!" "How can a solid fact leak out?"—Indianapolis Journal.

BLACKER the spot, surer the cure. Use St. Jacob's Oil for bruises.

The wise form right judgment of the present from the past.

Don't snap in two. Limber up. St. Jacob's Oil will cure lumbago sure.

Sense shines with a double luster when set in humility.—Penn.

Time counts, health gains. A quick, sure cure.—St. Jacob's Oil for sprains.

EVERYONE has a fair turn to be as great as he pleases.—Jeremy Collier.

## THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16	
FLOUR—No. 2 red.	\$3.31 @ 5.40
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	94 1/2 @ 97 1/2
No. 1 hard.	92 1/2 @ 94 1/2
CORN—No. 2.	28 1/2 @ 29
OATS—No. 2.	23 @ 24
BEEF—Extra mess.	6 90 @ 7 00
PORK—Family.	10 50 @ 11 00
LARD—Western.	4 12 @ 4 20
BUTTER—Western cream.	12 1/2 @ 13
CHEESE—Large.	7 1/2 @ 10 1/2
EGGS—State and Penn.	20 @ 22
WOOL—Domestic fleece.	15 @ 20
Pulled.	15 @ 18
CATTLE—Native steers.	4 15 @ 4 75
SHEEP—Fair to good.	2 50 @ 3 75
HOGS—Yorkshire.	3 50 @ 4 00
CLEVELAND.	
FLOUR—Ariel.	5 75 @ 5 80
Minnesota patents.	5 00 @ 5 30
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	96 1/2 @ 97
CORN—No. 2 yellow.	28 @ 29
OATS—No. 2 white.	22 @ 23 1/2
BUTTER—Choice to fancy.	17 @ 20
CHEESE—York state.	11 @ 11 1/2
EGGS—Strictly fresh.	19 @ 20
POTATOES—Per bushel.	23 @ 30
SEEDS—Clover.	2 75 @ 5 25
HAY—Timothy, baled.	7 00 @ 10 50
Bulk in market.	10 00 @ 12 00
CATTLE—Steers, fair to good.	3 85 @ 4 15
SHEEP—Fair to good.	2 50 @ 3 75
HOGS—Yorkshire.	3 50 @ 3 90
CINCINNATI.	
FLOUR—Family.	3 00 @ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	94 @ 94 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	25 @ 25 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	20 @ 20 1/2
RYE—No. 2.	39 @ 41
HOGS—	2 50 @ 3 45
PITTSBURGH.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	95 1/2 @ 96 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	23 1/2 @ 24
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	18 1/2 @ 19
BEEVES—Common cows.	4 05 @ 5 50
Veals.	4 00 @ 5 50
SHEEP—Mixed, good.	3 25 @ 3 75
Lamb.	4 40 @ 5 45
HOGS—Yorkshire.	3 00 @ 3 05
Packer.	3 55 @ 3 60

## The Crop Outlook in South Dakota for 1897.

It requires but a small amount of rainfall in South Dakota to mature the crop. During 1896 South Dakota had, up to September 30th, three and seven-tenths inches more of rain-fall than for any of the previous sixteen years. Since September 30th there has been added at least three or four inches to the excess, making a gain of nearly eight inches more than the average. Early in November there were heavy rains, depositing over two inches, and since then there have been heavy snows, and about a foot of snow covered the ground on November 25th. Dakota farmers have abundance of hay and great supplies of oats, barley and corn. Wheat has advanced to about seventy cents a bushel in the local market, and prospects for further advance are good. The ground will come out in the spring better soaked than ever before. The prospect for better prices next year is good. There are thousands of people in the East who could do no better than to go to South Dakota now and buy their seed and feed for next year, and move out in the spring. First-class farming land in South Dakota, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, can now be bought at from \$10 to \$15 an acre. The creamery industry and stock-raising in South Dakota will greatly increase during 1897. For further information address W. E. POWELL, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, or H. H. HUSTON, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, 295 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

There are people who think that if a fellow doesn't like olive oil, it is a sign that he hasn't been moving in the best society.—Washington (D. C.) Democrat.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

THE SAFEST WAY.—BOTEX (reflectively).—I wish I knew how to tell a woman's age. Sanjourne—"The best way is to tell it in a soft and gentle whisper."—Truth.

FEELER nerves—severe weather—neuralgia. Soothing cure—St. Jacob's Oil.

SHOWING our best side to others will cause them to show their best side to us.—Ram's Horn.

CHECK Colds and Bronchitis with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

## The Same Old Sarsaparilla.

That's Ayer's. The same old sarsaparilla as it was made and sold 50 years ago. In the laboratory it is different. There modern appliances lend speed to skill and experience. But the sarsaparilla is the same old sarsaparilla that made the record—50 years of cures. Why don't we better it? Well, we're much in the condition of the Bishop and the raspberry: "Doubtless," he said, "God might have made a better berry. But doubtless, also, He never did." Why don't we better the sarsaparilla? We can't. We are using the same old plant that cured the Indians and the Spaniards. It has been bettered. And since we make sarsaparilla compound out of sarsaparilla plant, we see no way of improvement. Of course, if we were making some secret chemical compound, we might.... But we're not. We're making the same old sarsaparilla to cure the same old diseases. You can tell it's the same old sarsaparilla because it works the same old cures. It's the sovereign blood purifier, and—It's Ayer's.



MADAME LILLIAN NORDICA,  
who has written a practical article  
"How to Train the Voice," for The  
Companion for 1897.

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WAS it your own baby or your neighbor's that drove sweet sleep away? It's all unnecessary. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, sweet to the taste, mild but effective, stop sour stomach and colic in babies, and make papa's liver lively, tone his intestines and purify his blood.

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They perfume the breath and make things all right all around. At your druggist's 10c, 25c, 50c, or mailed for price. Address

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